

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN
PORT," &c. &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. IN THE BUNGALOW.

TIME out of mind has Springside been the chosen resort of retired Indian officers, and of those civilians who, in the happy days when the pagoda-tree was easier to shake, and more productive in its droppings than at present, were enabled, after a comparatively short number of years spent in the East, to return to England, and settle down in comfort for the remainder of their lives in more than easy circumstances. Men of both classes, with their families, were to be found as settlers at Swetteringham, at Teemington, at Narrowgate, and at other spa-possessing places of the same class, which London physicians of repute had an interest in recommending to their patients. But neither as regards the number nor the social status of their visitors, or their residents, could any of them be compared to Springside. The waters, after all had been said, were not the real attraction of the place. They had their merits, no doubt; they were to the full as nasty as those of any other spa, and, as another advantage, the springs were more numerous, thus affording different degrees of nastiness. Their medicinal virtues were no greater and no less than those of their rivals. Taken internally, or externally in baths, which had the advantage of being larger and handsomer than those of any other place, they effected a certain number of real cures, and imbued hundreds of estimable persons with the belief, that by drinking or bathing in them a vast amount of good had been

achieved, a result which the most skillful physician would not hope to improve upon.

No, the real attraction of Springside was the society, and the inhabitants knew this, and were proud of it. What is Swetteringham? they would say; all very well in its way; very decent place for the country families and clodpole aristocracy of Costershire to visit, and certainly possessing one or two springs, which may or may not be good, but a mere new-fangled mushroom place just sprung into existence, and compelled to add to its attractions with the College for boys, and a Pittville, with fireworks and out-door amusements! Look at Teemington, only fit to live in during the winter, and then almost insupportable from the crowd of hunting-men who swarm in every hotel and lodging-house, and fill the air with their stable talk; look at Narrowgate, crammed with broad-shouldered men from Huddersfield, and fat women from Halifax—and then look at us! We are just the same as we were a hundred years ago; our city has not altered; it is just the same as it was when Beau Pash was its king, and when Sheridan flirted with Miss Linley in Bilsom-street. We have races at the proper time, but we are not overdone with turfites, and we should like to catch any excursionists or "trippers" from the manufacturing towns in our precincts. Our residents have been amongst us for generations, our visitors are people of position and family, and those retired Indians who have made Springside their home are not like the Indian settlers in the other places we have mentioned, who have made money anyhow, but staff officers in the Company's service, proprietors who have a star or two against their names in the books at Leadenhall-street, men who

had the entrée of Government House, or were well known at the Byculla Club.

So far as their remarks about their Indian settlers were concerned, the Springside people were decidedly right. All the best men of the day, both in the military and civil service, who had either finally retired or were spending their furlough at home, made Springside their head-quarters, and rarely left it save for a few weeks in the London season, when they established themselves in lodgings in the vicinity of the Oriental or the military clubs. The Springside Club, held in those days in the large rooms over the post-office, had amongst its members a majority of *Qui-his*, testy old gentlemen, who were horribly irritated by the noise made in stamping the letters underneath, or by the rattling of the mail-carts outside. The bachelors lived in hotels and boarding-houses, the married men, who were in the minority, had houses of their own, or lived in stately old lodgings, which, whatever the Springsideites might say, were now in the days of their decadence, and had quite a flavour of powder and peruke about them, reminding one of their former glories.

Unmarried, indeed, but with a house of his own, which, for want of a better name, he has called the Bungalow, and which stands in the midst of a square trim garden, invariably spoken of by him as the compound, is our old friend Captain Cleethorpe. The stout major of the Cheddar yeomanry lies in Cheeseborough churchyard, and Captain Cleethorpe has succeeded to his rank, but the old familiar title seems to suit him best, and he is, at Springside at all events, generally addressed by it. Five years have passed away since the occurrence of that unhappy quarrel in the billiard-room of the George, but they have effected little alteration in the captain's appearance. His face is impressed with a few more lines, his hair is thinner, and what remains of it is a little grizzled; but his figure is still smart and soldier-like, and on horseback or on foot, he is as active as ever. See him now, on this bright evening in early autumn, standing in his dining-room, the large French windows of which open out upon the close-shaven lawn, carefully uncorking two or three bottles of prime wine, which he has just brought up from the cellar, in honour of the arrival on a visit of his old comrade, Captain Norman. See him now, with his bright eyes, his trim moustache, his long brown thorough-bred hands, well cut light grey suit, neat boots, and unmis-

takable air of ease, and you will acknowledge that there is no better-looking fifty-year-old to be found in the country.

"Well, Cooke," he says, as his tall, strapping, red-haired, soldier-servant appears at the door, "has the captain got everything he wanted up-stairs?"

"Yes, sir," said the man; "the captain wants to know whether it is full dress to-night, sir, or not?"

"Full dress?" echoes Cleethorpe, laughing. "Of course not; tell him there are no ladies coming, and that he and I will be alone at dinner, and that he can put on his shooting-jacket and slippers, or whatever he feels most comfortable in."

"Right, sir," replies Cooke, and away he goes.

"Jack will be glad of that," thinks Captain Cleethorpe to himself when he is alone again; "evening dress must be as bad as a suit of armour to him now. What an enormous size he has grown. But he seems just the same simple-hearted, dear old fellow that he has been ever since I have known him."

Further meditation is put an end to by the entrance of Captain Norman. As his old comrade had remarked, the captain had grown enormously stout. Looking at his double chin and slow ponderous gait, one could hardly recognise in him the handsome light dragoon who made so favourable an impression when told off on escort duty, and whose good looks and splendid horsemanship, when acting as "galloper" to the general commanding on a field-day at Aldershot, won the heart, hand, and fortune of the lady who was now his wife.

Dinner concluded, and the good wine duly honoured and attended to, the gentlemen took their cigars into the garden, where the table, with coffee, &c., had already been prepared for them.

"That's about the pattern to suit you, Jack," said Cleethorpe, pointing to an enormous bamboo seat, half chair, half sofa; "put your manly form into that, and make yourself comfortable."

"Right you are," said Captain Norman, following his friend's advice. "I have seen one of these machines before, on board a P. and O. boat, when I went to see some friends off from Southampton, I think."

"Yes," said Cleethorpe; "I brought it home with me from India."

"You must have pleasant associations with India, I should think, Cleethorpe," said Captain Norman, stretching himself

lazily. "You call your house the Bungalow, I see."

"Well, yes," said Cleethorpe; "a man who has been much out there never entirely rids himself from its associations, more especially if his lines of life be cast in such a place as this. Here we have a perfect eastern colony, eat Anglo-Indian dishes, talk Anglo-Indian slang, and look out more eagerly for our fortnightly batch of the Calcutta Englishman than for our daily Times."

"Ah," said Captain Norman, with a yawn, "rather dull, isn't it? Dreary old birds most of them, I should say."

"Well, they would not be lively to you," said Cleethorpe, laughing, "while just in the same way your county magnates, with their airs, and your bucolic friends, with their dissertations on mangolds and swedes, would be insupportable to me. However, we are likely to have a pleasant addition to our set; a charming place in this neighbourhood has just been bought by a man whom you know, I think; or, at all events, of whom you have heard me speak."

"Who is that?"

"Sir Geoffry Heriot; the father of that young fellow who was in our regiment, and who had a row in the billiard-room, you recollect?"

"I recollect! I should think I did."

"Well: I had a letter from Goole, our colonel, you know, yesterday morning, telling me that Sir Geoffry, unable to endure his solitary life any longer, had sold his place in the country, and knowing that there were sure to be many of his old comrades, and people with whose lives and tastes he had some affinity, about here, had bought a lovely little box within two miles of this, where old General Chowder died a month ago. Goole asks me to call upon Sir Geoffry, and do the civil to him, but, beyond that, he intrusts me with a commission; he wants me to get Sir Geoffry a housekeeper."

"A housekeeper!" echoed Captain Norman, lazily. "Then the old boy has never married again?"

"Not he; from my recollection of what Goole told me of his married life, he has acted on the 'once bit twice shy' principle."

"And do you know any nice motherly old woman whom you could recommend to look after the general's socks, and make his jams, and rob him herself, instead of letting the tradespeople rob him?"

Cleethorpe looked at his friend in admira-

tion. "Certainly marriage has developed you amazingly in every way, Jack!" he said. "It must be your domestic experience that enables you to give so accurate a description of the housekeeper's duties. I certainly do know a lady who is neither old nor motherly, but who is decidedly nice, and whom I thought of recommending to Sir Geoffry Heriot, though I doubt whether she could fulfil all the functions which you have enumerated."

"And who is she—a protégée of yours?"

"No, indeed, I know comparatively little of her."

"Maid, wife, or widow?"

"A widow of the name of Pickering; her husband had held a very inferior position in some government office I believe, and when she came here after his death, some three years ago, she had an idea of seeking employment as a nursery governess, or companion to a lady, or something of that kind. But the reaction consequent upon the fatigues of nursing him in his last illness, so I understood, was too much for her; she fell ill herself, and would have died had it not been for the devoted manner in which she was nursed by a young sister, who accompanied her, and the kindness which she received from our parson and his wife."

"And his wife!" echoed Captain Norman. "Mrs. Pickering, then, is rather plain, I take it."

"Another observation springing from your domestic experience," said Cleethorpe; "but this time you are wrong. Mrs. Pickering is a remarkably handsome woman."

"And the parson and his wife attended to her in her illness?"

"Not merely that. During this illness they discovered that she was miserably poor; that her husband had left her no pension, no life insurance, absolutely nothing at all; that both she and her sister were quick and intelligent, and willing to do anything, no matter how laborious or how poorly paid, to earn their livelihood."

"Poor creatures, how very creditable," said Captain Norman, placidly sipping his glass of curaçoa.

"Well, our parson—Drage his name is, Onesiphorus Drage, queer name isn't it?—is the son of a man who is a great gun in the City, director of banks, and all sorts of things, and, amongst others, of one of the telegraph companies. Drage wrote up to his father, and the old man offered to have them put into the telegraph office

in London, but somehow or other Mrs. Pickering had a great objection to that, and so it ended in both of them being made clerks in the branch office down here. They got on wonderfully, especially the younger one, who displayed such singular ability that, when an important vacancy occurred in the head office in London, they offered her the berth, and as the salary and chances were really good, and they found a respectable person for her to live with, Mrs. Pickering made no further objection, and about a year ago the girl went to town, and there she remains.

"And what became of Mrs. Pickering?"

"Well, just before that, Mrs. Drage was taken ill and died, and on her death-bed she spoke to Mrs. Pickering, who had attended her throughout, and implored her to be a mother to the little girl whom she was leaving."

"Ah, ha!" said Captain Norman, "which means also to be a wife to the reverend old—what you call him."

"Not at all. The Reverend Onesiphorus, who is delicate on his chest, has been away for the last twelve months, yachting with his father in the Mediterranean, and left his flock in charge of his curate, while Mrs. Pickering, relieved of her telegraphic duties, has been living at the rectory, and educating and taking care of little Bertha."

"And when does the parson come back?" asked Captain Norman.

"Mrs. Pickering expected him the night before last, and cleared out into her old lodging to give him possession."

"And you propose to make Mrs. Pickering old Heriot's housekeeper?" asked Norman.

"Exactly."

"Then you are doing a decidedly unhandsome thing, Cleethorpe, and outraging the laws of nature and three volume novels."

"What do you mean?"

"Why of course this parson ought to come back full of gratitude and all that sort of thing, and ought to marry the telegraph woman, and live happy ever after."

"Yes," said Cleethorpe, "perhaps so; but then you see, Jack, you don't know Mrs. Pickering."

"No, and I don't know the parson, for the matter of that."

"You will have that felicity presently, for I asked him to come up here this evening to hear about my proposition. No, Drage is not a young man, nor scarcely what you could call a lady-killer, but he is young

enough to set the world talking if such a woman as Mrs. Pickering were to become his housekeeper, whereas with such a tough old bamboo-cane as Sir Geoffrey Heriot, the veriest Mrs. Grundy in Springside, and there are some good specimens of the breed amongst them I can tell you, could find no opportunity for scandal."

"Hem," said Captain Norman; "my experience of women is, that when they give their minds to it, there is nobody and nothing that they could not contrive to say something disagreeable about. By the way, what became of Sir Geoffrey's son, after the row with that great hulking brute, whose name I forget?"

"No one ever heard anything about him," said Cleethorpe. "I have asked Goole more than once, but could get no tidings of the lad. He told me that he received a polite but formal acknowledgment of a letter, which he thought it his duty to write to Sir Geoffrey after the row, and that when once, on the first occasion of their meeting afterwards, he was beginning to allude to the circumstances, the old man stopped him by saying, 'I have no son now, sir; you will oblige me by never mentioning his name again.' Goole and Sir Geoffrey have met several times since then, and are, I believe, rather intimate, as indeed this letter proves, but the subject has never been touched upon by either of them."

"It was a queer business, that funking of his, and one which I could never understand, for, from the little I saw of him, the lad seemed to have plenty of pluck."

"He was a nice boy," said Cleethorpe. "I think of him very often, always when his father is named; this letter brought all the circumstances fresh into my mind, and only yesterday morning I was wondering what had become of him."

"Taken the queen's shilling, perhaps," said Norman, "or gone out to Australia."

"No," said Cleethorpe, reflectively; "he struck me as more likely to fall on his feet in a better way than that. He was the sort of lad that people would take a fancy to, scarcely knowing why they did so."

"By Jove!" interrupted Captain Norman, striking his fist upon the table with such violence as to make the cups and glasses ring, "I have got it at last."

"So had I, very nearly," said Captain Cleethorpe, moving out of the way of some dripping coffee, "and hot too; but what is it that you have got, Jack?"

"An idea," said Captain Norman.

"Keep it, book it, and register it at

once as 'Norman's patent,' or no one will ever believe you came by it honestly," said Cleethorpe.

"Don't you be funny, but listen," said his friend. "Do you know what it is to be haunted by a face?"

"I did," said Cleethorpe, half sadly. "I have been haunted by a good many in my time."

"Ay, those were women's," said Norman; "but I don't mean that, nor in that way. Do you know what it is to see a face which you recognise at once as being familiar to you, but to which you cannot put a name; which you have seen somewhere, but you cannot tell whether in real life or in a dream; which perpetually rises before you, always in the same unsatisfactory manner; the identity of which it is impossible to discover, while the more you try to link it with a personality the more vague do your thoughts grow, and the more dispirited are you as to your chances of success?"

"Yes," said Cleethorpe. "You have a fine poetical flow, Jack, but I know what you mean."

"Well, I have suffered from this sort of haunting for months past," said Norman. "We were in town in the spring, the first time we had been there for some years, and, amongst other places, we went to the house of a Mrs. Entwistle, a kind of connexion of my wife's, who is a swell in her way, and had never taken any notice of us before. She is an eccentric old woman, but very well off, they say, and goes into very good society. At her house I noticed a young man, whose face and manner seemed somehow familiar to me, though I felt that both had altered since the last time I saw him. He was talking to the guests, giving orders to the servants, and altogether making himself so much at home that I had the curiosity to inquire who he was. I learned that he was a Mr. Hardinge, a young man whom the old lady for a year or two past had adopted as her son, but whether he was related to her by blood, or whether her adoption of him was only one of her many eccentricities, I could not gather. Having gleaned thus much from an old fellow who used to dine at the next table to me at the 'Rag,' and who seemed to know everything about everybody in town, I went from the staircase, where I had carried on the pumping process, back into the rooms, and found my young friend in full swing as before. This time he caught me looking at him, started, turned rapidly

on his heel, and for the rest of the evening carefully avoided coming near me. I met him several times afterwards in the park, at the theatre, in society, but invariably with the same result. He shunned me, sir, regularly shunned me; made a point of turning away whenever I approached him. During the whole of that time, and very frequently since, I have endeavoured to recal to my mind where I had seen that young man before, and who he was. As you spoke it suddenly flashed upon me, and I have not the smallest doubt about it. The place where I last saw him was the inn at Cheeseborough, and his real name is George Heriot."

"Singular," said Captain Cleethorpe, when his companion had finished speaking, "very singular indeed. You are not generally very clear in these matters, Jack, but your reasoning convinces me that in the present instance you must be right. Do you imagine the boy recognised you?"

"Now I think it over I have not a doubt of it, though I cannot understand how I failed to recognise him. He has just that same cheeky kind of way that he had when he told me that it would be good for my health if he were my player at pool, and that he would give me plenty of exercise in walking after my ball."

"Do you imagine that his father knows of his position?"

"I have no means of judging, but I should say decidedly not."

"Did you ever try to get anything out of the old lady, Mrs. Entwistle?"

"What do you mean—money?"

"No, no," said Cleethorpe, laughing; "any information about the lad?"

"No, I didn't myself, but now I recollect perfectly that Lou—that's my wife—told me that on one occasion when she was having luncheon with the old lady alone, she happened to mention Sir Geoffrey Heriot's name, that Mrs. Entwistle turned as white as a sheet, and asked her, in a very agitated manner, if she knew the general. When she found Lou did not she became all right again; but my Lou, who is a remarkably sharp woman, at least so I think, thought it was funny altogether, and told me of it when she came home."

"Mrs. Norman is a woman of great acuteness I am sure," said Cleethorpe, "and it is a curious business altogether. However, since the old general is left solitary, and likely to remain so, the greater reason that he should be provided with a comely housekeeper, who will do

her duty by him without ultimate designs on his person or his purse. Mrs. Pickering is exactly the lady for the situation, and no possible objection can be made by anybody to her undertaking it unless by—"

"The Reverend Mr. Drage, sir," said Cooke, appearing at his master's elbow.

PARIS VIGNETTES.*

I. ON THE ROAD.

COMING up that most sylvan of lines, the Rouen and Paris Railway, I might congratulate myself on there being only three other passengers—each, of course, with the Frenchman's favourite canvas-covered valise—to crowd up the carriage. But after many allusions to a friend of theirs called *Æneas*, I am startled to find a great red dog, answering to that name, emerging from under the seat, where he has been secreted to avoid the little travelling dog-jails, where he can hear some of his kind yelping. The two stout Frenchmen become like children, all the way putting their hats on him, and embracing him. *Æneas*, behaving with far more dignity, raises himself up to look out at passing objects, showing great amazement at the flocks of birds floating over the fields below, following them with his eyes, and "setting" them as well as he can in that position. On an alarm of the ticket-taker coming round, the agitated friends try to force *Æneas* in again, kicking, pushing, striving to bend that back, which stubbornly but gently refuses. The alarm proves a false one, and at his own selected moment *Æneas* retires into concealment to sleep, and is not suffered to emerge again.

The other passenger is a stern-faced officer of the Ducrot pattern, who keeps his arms folded, in stern protest at what he sees as we draw near to Paris. These rent roofs, ruined houses—above all, the temporary bridge over which we creep cautiously, with a swarm of men busy repairing—are indeed sore reminders. The arches of the former bridge beside us seem like three old wire meat-covers, or dilapidated bird-cages, so torn and twisted is their iron-work. More significant still are the houses, now nearly restored, but all, I note, preserving the old bruises and holes of the shells. There is a suspicious amount of staring red-tiled roof, while those long vast sheds of iron and glass which are found as

we approach great railway stations, are all pierced, and singed, and shredded into jagged holes; and almost every single pane is shattered as though by an exterminating hailstorm. Considering the vast amount of trains and passengers that pour into Paris every hour, here must be an aggregate of mortification for every Frenchman really serious, and which can be read in the faces of my three companions. The officer mutters and folds his arms tighter, the friends become grave. The railway porters and officials are all in new clothing, while the proprietor of the well-known *Hôtel des Réservoirs* at Versailles feels so prosperous, after his late distinguished guests' patronage, that he can advertise his house all over the show-boards, adding a tempting-looking picture. Coming into the great city, we miss the huge gathering of cabs and omnibuses which used to wait the arrival of voyagers. Horses are scarce, and the white and winnying Normandies of the omnibuses have not yet arrived in sufficient quantities.

II. TOKENS OF THE SPOILER.

EXACTLY a year ago, when I drove into this great city, a vast creaking waggon, drawn by a number of omnibus horses, and carrying an enormous-sized cannon, on its way to the ramparts, was the first object that met us. Every one had a sort of fevered look; amateur soldiers in new and fantastic dresses, borrowed from the stage, filled the streets. Now there is hardly a soldier to be seen. Everything has a faded air, and the garnishing of the streets, those smart, dandy lamp-posts and kiosks, have a shabby, unkempt air, like old-fashioned furniture dragged out of a store-room. As we turn into the Boulevards, once so glittering, and like a raree-show for crowds of figures and carriages, the change is more astonishing: it seems a desert. A stray omnibus rolls jangling by, then a long interval and a cab passes. Long slips of asphalt are seen almost bare. It is impossible not to admire the energy and spirit which have made the old shops put on their usual air, their windows seeming to be filled as of yore; but, alas! they are old wares and properties.

The constant change of names of streets, theatres, &c., according as the government changes, is very inconvenient. It looks pitiful to see the *Avenue de l'Impératrice* with a piece of paper pasted over it, on which is printed *Avenue Uhrich*, and the clumsily substituted "nationale" for "imperiale." It might be thought that some compromise

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iv., p. 379.

could be come to on this point, and that the next monarchical government might choose some neutral description. The climax of absurdity was reached at the fine theatre of the Châtelet, where the imperial arms over the proscenium are partly covered with a sort of napkin, like a bishop's apron, which as the air floats it about is lifted, revealing the obnoxious eagle and the crossed sceptres beneath.

After awhile the eye grows quite familiar with the signs of hostile destruction. All down the once gay Boulevard des Italiens, the great plate-glass windows are all starred and shattered into holes from bullets—holes which are clumsily patched up with paper or wax. The owners have not yet found opportunity to restore them. But the streets are in good order, and there is not a sign of a barricade visible. Most curious of all is it to look on the remains of the Vendôme Column. The bright "street of peace" has, indeed, lost its whole glory, and looks utterly mediocre for the lack of this handsome ornament. The Hôtel de Ville, even the Tuileries, and certainly those tame buildings, the Finances, Palace of the Legion of Honour, &c., could be well spared without leaving many blanks, but the column should be put up to make Paris what it used to be. The town-hall was never a thing of beauty, or a building that excited much human sympathy; not much could be said for the vaunted Ministère des Finances, which now lies a sort of amphitheatre of rubbish. The true attraction will always be Paris as a whole—its air and bearing of beauty; but a building or so will not be missed. In the Tuileries Gardens and Elysian Fields some of the statues have suffered cruelly; Hercules has lost his leg, Venus her arm. But through the stubbly trees and mangy shrubbery—and it is amazing how little these have suffered on the whole—can be seen the "merry-go-rounds," and the open-air cafés, getting ready for the night's show; and in the broad daylight it is amusing to see a rehearsal going on—some music-hall lady practising her vivacious song to a full orchestra.

Paris jogs out merrily, as of yore, in the direction of the Bois, only there is far more to see now. The little open spaces are, of course, in demand—the solitary youth in the strapped-down white trousers, loving to show himself, enjoying the luxury of a vehicle. As we get close to the great archway, it is a curious feeling to see and touch the evidence of "shell-work." The

arch itself is more bruised and maimed than has been described—a boy's leg (in stone) having been knocked off, corners of pediments showing clean fissure-like "bites," and the surfaces being scarred and indented all over. The mark of a shell is significant and unmistakable—a sort of scorched black star with a dint or bruise. But on the houses, asphalté pavement, and iron, the effect was terrible. Now hundreds of men are at work mending and renewing; but even the handsome houses that have gone through this process have a curious motley air, like a patched old coat, being covered with what seem like stains, and which are the newly inserted pieces. Their railings were all twisted and crumpled up like wire, and never could be straightened again; elaborate balconies were squeezed, as the saying goes, "into cocked hats." The pavement, as far as the eye could see, was all in great rents and holes, where the ill-omened messengers had alighted. Yet everybody was in spirits, the workmen on their scaffolds and the proprietors who employed them. There are signs of money everywhere, with indications of the luxurious taste peeping out cautiously. It can be seen with how little trouble damage of this sort can be set right, at least, externally; and it seems certain that, before another year is out, Paris will look very nearly the same as before.

One change will not be relished, namely, the new police—a set of buccaneer-looking, rowdyish fellows, with open collars and handkerchiefs, loose blue great-coats, coarse leather belts, and heavy steel-scabbarded cutlasses. They are not civil, as were the former petits maitres in the cocked-hats and tight waists. The soldiers, too, seem fallen off; most of them appearing in undress, scarce half made, and that so unfashionably that the dogs might fairly bark at them. That old impostor, the theatrical zonave, about whom we were all crazy once, has, I am glad to see, almost disappeared. I note a few, but very shabby and hang-dog in appearance, who walk along modestly, and without the old swagger.

English and American excursionists abound. At the hotel where I have put up I find them in that patronising humour of half-enjoyment, half-surprise, which is almost indescribable. I hear each recounting his exploits, and inexpressibly compassionate on the barbarous habits of the natives. The raw tourist is invariably affected by the spectacle of salt helped by

a knife. "Lord, ain't it droll!" Yet the companion of the lady who made the remark was eating with his knife! More amusing still was it to hear those with the advantage of a few hours' more familiarity with the place, instructing the tyros. "Oh, you should see the Pally-royle, the place where all the shops are—then there's the Bullyvars." But an American gentleman surpassed our British product, the present writer having heard him state (and being further prepared to make affidavit as to the literal accuracy of this report), that he was staying "at th' Hôtel de Londrays," with persons of no less distinction than "the Duke Dolmail (sic), and the Princes of Johnville and Condy."

The theatres are nearly all in full work again. Precisely as on the eve of the siege, the odious Theresa resumes the part she had to abandon through that awkward interruption, and displays her revolting attractions at the Gaîté in the White Cat. A better sign of the times was to find the Comédie Française crammed to overflowing, the musicians banished from the orchestra to make room, and the admirable Got and magnificent Favart holding all spell-bound. At another theatre was revived the Three Musketeers of the elder Dumas, with Melingue, who "created the original rôle" of D'Artagnan. According to innumerable puffs in the various papers, this actor was described as being an extraordinary attraction, but he seemed to me to have very average gifts. Indeed, the popularity of pieces of this kind with the French seems a mystery; they are absolutely dull, and beside some of our own "sensation" pieces, are positively tedious. Thus, there was a minute representation of all that led to the execution of that injured monarch Charles the First, his taking leave of his wife and children, the procession, &c., gracefully and even tenderly given, but dull and out of place. Everybody was noble, gallant, heroic, suffering, uttering such grand and beautiful sentiments, walking in so stately a fashion, their robes floating behind them, that though it failed to interest it could not but be an improving spectacle. An English historical character known as Crumvale, and who is much softer in his disposition than the hero presented by Mr. Carlyle, delivered himself of the following passage, which seemed singularly apropos to events then passing: "All are instruments, machines which I could put in motion. But then the parliament—yes, I know well, from thence is likely to

come the opposition. . . . Is it of the kingdom or of the king they are weary? It is of the latter—merely a name. I must find some name which has not been used as yet. I must find some office which can let him who obtains it gain all honours. One must have the look of protecting the country, although she has no need of protection. Yes, the very thing. Starting from below, passing by the peasantry, the Commune, the army," &c. It will hardly be believed that on the evening of the day when the nature of M. Thiers's future office was on every lip, this soliloquy passed without a sign of intelligence on the part of the audience!

III. COMMUNISTS ON TRIAL.

GOING down by that familiar road to Versailles, it is easy to see how it has been transformed into a little capital, so crowded are the trains. The old-fashioned place is now all in flurry; the long trains arrive full, and go away as full, with women in white frilled caps and large baskets, which the citizen sisters and brothers are in a perpetual struggle to force into trains, or under the seat, or, better still, on the whole length of the seat. The secret of this idiosyncrasy, as well as of the corresponding one of the stout gentlemen in white trousers and glossy silk summer coats, set off with a crimson rosette, and who will force in their canvas valises and queer composite carpet-bags, is of course to be found in the wretched love of scraping, of going through any discomfort sooner than pay for baggage or for lumps of sugar. I notice many other stout gentlemen, all of precisely the same pattern, who are singularly important, resemble the late M. Cavour, and perspire freely. They have rosettes, and handsome gold chains and rings, and talk to each other on the floor of the waiting-room, while we sit down. These I know to be deputies, who, in France, are mostly of M. Cavour's pattern. We have many officers, too, whose lace is of the newest and shiniest, and who on their own hill, as we may call this place, whence they had beaten the wretched Communist cocks, fancy they can crow a little. There is a great stream towards one wing of the palace, where the old theatre, now looking very shabby, is, as all the world knows, turned into a parliament. Servants in the state livery, scarlet and gold collars, and green coats, hang about the doors, with plenty of soldiers. Here there is a lobby, where crowds beg for tickets, and the stout deputy emerging, is surrounded by a troop, to whom he is most gracious, and takes

along with him in a queue "to see what can be done." I suspect that this is a flattering moment, and that the legislator is rather pleased on the whole.

Turning away from the great gilt railing and gates, through which I see the tempting park, I find a more exciting scene before me. Facing the palace are the stables, built, architecturally, into two vast hemicycles, and at the centre one, which is a riding-school, more soldiers are clustered. Every one is entering here, and I know that the trial of the Communists is going on. Entering at once, we are in the riding-school, which has the sawdust half a foot thick on the ground, and are astonished at the scene, which is like an effective tableau on the stage, as it was no doubt intended to be. Far away—very far away—is a sort of raised dais, with a long table stretching across, exactly the description of thing we see as the curtain rises, and discover the magnificos, or inquisitors, who distribute stage justice. There are two flights of steps, with a space between, with semicircular tables at each side. The court is composed of about a dozen officers, some of a "lopsided" character, with only one epaulette—all of a theatrical, showy bearing, twisting their mustaches. Behind them is an artistically draped festooning of green, and in the hasty decoration of this riding-school we can see the "tasty" style of decoration of the French. Our own upholsterers would have "tacked up" some calico all round, but all this is done with the most elegant drapery and graceful hangings. At the top, over the head of the president, is a great framed oil-painting of the Crucifixion. At each side, on the first platform, are two great orchestras. Below the second flight, and on the second floor of the riding-school, are reserved seats, and beyond these, again, standing room for the crowd. The orchestra to the right is crowded with the accused, each sitting between two soldiers and an alarming quantity of bayonets. At the circular tables in front sit the secretaries in full uniform. In front of these the huissiers of the court, who are in uniform, and who are in perpetual motion. The whole procedure, indeed, seems to be modelled on strict stage precedent, and is really most effective, the uniformed officials bowing gracefully, descending and ascending the steps solemnly to hand papers and give messages. Sixty reporters sit facing the Communists, and work their pens briskly.

Exactly in the centre was a little rail like

a prie-dieu, the "witness box"—a situation of most alarming publicity, but which, it must be said, in all justice, seemed to have little effect upon the occupants, who rather enjoyed their conspicuous position. The huge and appreciative bulk of the audience who could scarcely hear a word—they were placed so far away—was composed of soldiers, with loungers and innumerable strangers. The president of the court is "the Colonel Merlin," as he is called—a grey, dignified, yet bullet-headed officer of the Pelissier type; and it was impossible not to be struck with his extraordinary clearness of voice, his measured nicety of speech, which made nearly every word audible, travelling over the heads of the crowded ranks to that enormous distance. There was courtesy and even grace in all that he said. His comrades, who were singularly young, were mere lay figures. The faces of the Communist chiefs were characteristic enough. They fairly represented all the physical French types. We all know the trim, dark-bearded, bright-eyed, small-featured, intelligent face—that is Assi, the Crenzot workman, in his National Guard dress. There are several variations of this type. Lullier shows the rugged head, with a moustache only, and an intelligent eye. Pascal Grousset is the rather handsome French face, well moulded, such as the *jeune premier* shows on the stage. Courbet, the painter, a huge, burly man, has one of those German-bearded physiognomies. Some have a grotesque, semi-humorous expression, which reminds us of Grassot at the Palais Royal—such as Tony Moilin and Verdure. Ferré, the one to whom the evidence pointed as responsible for the murder of the hostages, has by no means a truculent face.

Some of the inferior Communists seemed poor, "dirty" fellows, and it was amusing to see how proud they were of their companionship with the more distinguished, of the soldiers' bayonets about them, and how they folded their arms with the dignity of a transpontine theatre. Every moment, as the trial proceeded and as the witnesses gave evidence, one or other was jumping up for short speeches.

It is the fashion to find fault with the French system of conducting a trial, and yet, it must be said, that where there are a vast number of accused, and a cloud of witnesses, the French system is more clear and lively, and more likely to leave an impression on the jury. We know the sense of wearisomeness, and even of unintelligibility, as counsel examines witness

after witness, with the tedious waiting while they think, and then answer, slowly and cautiously, and the further delay while the judge writes down. Here a witness was brought in, tripped up the steps, took his place at the rail, and at once started on a short but graphic, and sometimes vivid, narrative of what he had seen or what he had to tell. It was over in a minute or two. The judge then asked him more particularly as to what such and such a prisoner had done. The latter would then put his few questions, and the thing was over. Thus an abstract of a sentence or two would describe the value of each witness's testimony. Not so easy to perceive is the value of the personal interruption by the president of each accused. "You were on such a day at the town-hall; you were seen with a body of men," &c. For the prisoner's denial in the face of proof would not count for anything; neither would an ingenious explanation in his own favour, nor still less his admission of the facts. How much better and more accurate is the description, "the accused," than one of the "prisoner," which merely describes a person as being under arrest. Rather childish, however, were the verbal corrections and melodramatic expostulations of the president; as, when he pronounced glowing eulogies on the army, or when he interrupted the prisoner who was talking of the "deserted population of Paris." "Deserted! but by those whom it chassed with volleys of musketry." But the main impression left was certainly of the remarkable fluency and readiness of speech in all concerned, and the epigrammatic choice of phrase. It seemed, too, that the Communists were rarely at a loss for an excuse, even in the face of a most damaging piece of evidence. The president's remarks were sometimes even "gay"—as, when one of the accused dwelt upon some "plans" which he had submitted, and which had been only "flung in the dirt," "whether so many other plans," added the president, "have found their way."

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

ABOUT sixty years ago a remarkable case was tried, at the criminal side, in the county of Cork.

The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent queen's counsel, George Bennett, at that time a junior on the

Munster circuit, and himself an eye-witness and attentive listener at the trial.

On a fine summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as "strong farmers" usually inhabit, a stranger, dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen, and brogues, and with a blackthorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered, with the usual salutation, "God save all here," and asked if this was not Denis Macarthy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down, "and take an air of the fire;" and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey.

The man was dark-featured, of middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

In a little while Denis Macarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin-door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, according to Irish usage, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighbouring graveyard.

Macarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him that he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey.

To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked Macarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it, and point out the grave of their cousin.

Macarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

In the south of Ireland simple burial-places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen-stained, and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorns, and an ancient ash-tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary enclosures

were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island.

A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from Macarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial-place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or the rattle of car-wheel.

Macarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old twisted thorn-tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial-ground. At this stile they came to a pause.

"Go on," said Macarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence.

"Arra, man; go on, can't ye, and don't be botherin'; what are ye afeard of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now I tell you what it is; I don't understand you, nor what you're at; but divil a foot I'll go over that wall till you go over it first," said Macarthy, doggedly.

The man laughed, and looked angry.

"To be sure I'll go over it first, if that'll please ye; and what does it matter who's first or who's last?" he answered, surlily. "But you're the biggest omadhoun I ever set eyes on."

And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by Macarthy, who pointed out the grave, and forthwith the stranger kneeled beside it, according to Irish custom, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers, an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour.

When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farm-house, where the stranger had his supper with the family, and in the morning, having eaten his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey.

Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant rank make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of his way. Macarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bid him farewell.

But his visitor would not part without

testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public-house, the door of which stood open close by them.

Macarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his cousin liked best, ordered a pot of porter, making some excuse for not partaking himself.

When Macarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain, which he afterwards described more particularly, in the back of his neck compelled him to set it down untasted.

The stranger urged him to drink it, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again.

Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

"What ails ye? and why don't you drink your liquor? Don't you like it?" the stranger demanded.

"I don't like it," answered Macarthy, getting up, "and I don't like you, nor your ways, and, in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you."

"To the divil I pitch you and it," said the stranger breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road.

Without another word, in this temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion.

Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit.

It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic.

The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it.

Upon these facts, and the short information sworn by Macarthy, a neighbouring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his

journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterwards to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mára, had been bribed to put Macarthy to death, by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which Macarthy was the last life.

The attempt to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, Macarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mára to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the stile by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed Macarthy to cross the stile first, and, following him closely, as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and, as he lay stufted in the graveyard, he would have easily despatched him. The sounds of violence in that sequestered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would have interfered to prevent the consummation of his atrocious purpose.

The women, who, in the large barn-like room were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of Macarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary enclosure.

At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined Macarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. Macarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chance of the intending assassin's success.

When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asked him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to.

What passed was to the following effect:

"You stated that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of your neck; and if not, to what part of your neck was it confined?"

"It was in one spot only, close under the skull on the backbone."

"Was it a severe pain?"

"The worst I ever felt."

"Had you ever had the same pain before?"

"Never any pain like it before or since."

"Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?"

"It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet."

"Did the pain last long?"

"It came whenever I raised the porter towards my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted."

Some persons will account, upon natural, though complicated theories, for the mental and physical impressions which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, Macarthy, from a deep-laid scheme of murder. Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I have ever met with.

The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.

I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in which it was told to me, and with a conscientious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It is extraordinary enough, I think, to merit being rescued from oblivion.

THE COVENANTER.

THE Lord beheld a cotter by the shore,
Leaning his cheek upon a hard brown hand
And gazing seaward; and the winds and waves
Were loud within this cotter's soul, the strife
Of wind and wave and cloud were pictured there
As in a trembling water; and the Lord
Breath'd on the forehead of the man, and said
"My storm shall have a tongue!"

But many a year

The cotter, Walter Logan, work'd and work'd
Within his shieling on the Argyllshire coast,
Wherein he dwelt unwedded and alone
A silence-lover, moody and unlearned.

One book he had, a Bible great and old,
Whose large plain characters his untutor'd eye
Follow'd with pain, till as a mother's face
All were familiar. Most he loved to sit,
His cheek upon his hand, upon a cliff
That overlook'd the sea: when the storm
Hung dark around him, and above, the Lord
Opened a rent among his drifting cloud
And looked upon him, and the man sat there
Unconscious of the Lord.

But night and day
Came tempest seaward: sea and sky were join'd
Together, to the roaring of the winds;
The blackness gathered like a frowning face,
Till floating downward—like a living thing
A sunbeam would alight on Ailsa Craig,
And smile upon the waves until they sank
With deep low murmurs brightening as they fill,
Like to the lions licking Daniel's feet,
His brightness growing human in their eyes.
There Logan sat, content to hear and see
In silence, for his lonely soul was stirred
To watch with face unmoved a mighty power
Whose very moaning calm was like a threat,
Wherefore his soul grew fashioned to the place,
And in his brain the elements kept time
Unto the solemn music of the book
Until the tempest of the waves became
The spirit of the Lord.

Thou knowest now
How in the after days this man became
The trumpet of the tempest, with one blast
Blowing together all the scatter'd souls,
To whom the Lord was a tempestuous sign
And portent! In that dreadful wind so raised
He perish'd. Here beside the lonely sea
His very grave is wild and like a wave!

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

ESSEX-STREET, STRAND.

THE town house of the proud Bishops of Exeter once stood at the bottom of that sloping street that lies westward of Temple Bar, in a sort of small bay or backwater southward of the Strand. Through a sort of picture-frame gate, from whence steps lead down to the shore of the river, you catch a pleasant green glimpse of the young plane-trees that line the new Embankment. On the left a passage leads into the Temple, reminding us that Exeter House once formed the outer part of the domain of those semi-ecclesiastical knights whom the lawyers first robbed, then burnt; and on the right stands a Unitarian chapel of considerable antiquity. Many an unfledged barrister, innocent as yet of law, has passed up this street towards Westminster. Many a Templar Ranger or Lovelace has reeled down it, zigzagging his way to his airy den in King's Bench-walk or Pump-court, heedless of Coke and contemptuous of Littleton. Many a knotty legal argument have those heads on the Essex-street knockers overheard. The wise Mansfield has passed this way, and Thurlow, who looked wiser

than any man ever was; Brougham with the dance of Saint Vitus in his ugly nose, and Adolphus, hot and angry from recent wrangle; great rich lawyers and poor hungry ones have trod these stones; lord chancellors that were to be yet never were; and needy ambitious men eating their own hearts out in the cruel waitings and deferred hopes of the most disappointing of all professions. Talk of purgatory! There is no place where men have suffered so much as they have in the purlieus of the Temple, and not even up Holborn-hill (the road to Tyburn) have heavier hearts come than up that street south of the Strand, and westward of Temple Bar.

In the reign of Edward the Second the Bishops of Exeter built a palace in Essex-street. Walter Stapleton, the Lord Treasurer of England and Bishop of Exeter, trying to defend London for King Edward against the Queen Isabella, who had brought an army from France to chase away the Spencers, the evil counsellors of her husband, the enraged Londoners sacked and burnt the bishop's palace. The bishop himself, on his way to take sanctuary at St. Paul's, was torn from his horse by a mob, stripped of his armour, and beheaded at Cheapside.

Lord Paget, Henry the Eighth's ambassador, afterwards had the palace. After him came the Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded by Elizabeth for his political intrigues with Mary Queen of Scots. Then the Earl of Leicester lived here in splendour. Spenser dedicated one of his poems to his patron, Leicester, whom he eulogises in his Prothalamion.

Near to the Temple stands a stately place,
Where I gayned gifts and goodly grace,
Of that great lord who there was wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case.

Leicester left his Essex-street house to his step-son, the Earl of Essex, who here brooded over the plot that soon brought him to the scaffold. Essex was the grandchild of a favourite cousin of Queen Elizabeth. The mother of Essex, a bad woman, took the Earl of Leicester for her second husband, and for her third, Christopher Blount, her master of the horse, with whom she had long intrigued. The sister of Essex, a still more infamous woman, had been the mistress of Lord Montjoy. Essex's wife, Frances Sidney, the widow of Sir Philip, was a woman, as Mr. Dixon says, of inferior birth, without beauty, youth, or fortune. Honours fell thick on the young noble. At twenty-two he was Master

of the Horse. He became a member of the queen's council, Earl Marshal of England, General of the Forces in Ireland, and the recipient of three hundred thousand pounds in money. He fought in France and Portugal, and at Cadiz covered himself with glory. Yet Essex was not so handsome as Elizabeth's other favourites. He stooped, and was careless in his dress; he walked awkwardly, and danced worse; his morals were more than questionable. Still he won the queen by his fearless frankness, as he won friends by his warm-hearted generosity and candour, his affability and noble courtesy. Spenser Essex especially favoured, and in a sonnet preceding the first three books of the Faery Queen, the poet promised at the conclusion of that great poem

To make more famous memory
Of thy heroic parts.

In the Prothalamion, Spenser concludes with a compliment to the possessor of Essex House:

Yet therein now doth lodge a worthy peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late thro' all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear.
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry,
That fillest England with the triumph'd of fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name.

Nor was Essex ungrateful for this wreath of laurel. Why Spenser died poor and broken-hearted, on his return from the great misfortunes that fell upon him like thunderbolts in Ireland, will now probably never be known, but certain it is that the earl paid for his funeral and tomb in Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare, too, the friend of Fulke Greville and Southampton, the earl's sworn comrades, celebrates Essex in the Chorus at the commencement of the Fifth Act of Henry the Fifth, and falsely prophesies his victorious return from Ireland:

Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached upon his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him?

After the death of Leicester, Essex became a power at court, in spite of his wilfulness and rash heat of temper. Scarcely twenty-one, he rode at Tilbury, the captain-general of the cavalry. Always crossing the queen's wishes, he joined the unsuccessful expedition to Lisbon in 1581, and commanded at the unsuccessful siege of Rouen. But these discomforts he repaid by his chivalrous gallantry against Spain in 1596, when

fourteen thousand English took Cadiz, destroyed thirteen Spanish men-of-war, and obtained from the citizens one hundred and twenty thousand crowns as ransom. But this money was divided among the adventurers, and Essex, owing to the opposition of Cecil's friends, failed to snap up the Spanish treasure fleet, with its rich cargo of twenty million dollars. Sent to Ireland to check Tyrone, Essex failed in every attempt, and began, it was rumoured, to hold traitorous communication with the rebels—worst of all, after thwarting the queen in every scheme, he suddenly returned to England, contrary to the royal commands. Essex was hastening fast to his ruin. In Ireland he had all but resolved to embark two thousand cavalry, land in Wales, and, marching to London, to drive Raleigh, Cecil, and Cobham from the court. Despising the faithful counsels of Bacon and Greville, Essex hurried on fast to destruction.

At a secret meeting in February, 1601, at Drury House (Drury-lane), this rash and wilful man, estimating his sworn adherents at one hundred and twenty earls, lords, knights, and gentlemen, agreed to give up his plan of seizing the Tower, and decided to surprise the queen at Whitehall, and force her to disgrace Burleigh, Raleigh, and Cobham, and restore her disgraced favourite. He relied much on Sheriff Smith, who had the power of calling to his side one thousand men of the London train-bands. The Puritans were all for him, and many of the Roman Catholics were won by the conspirator's promises of increased toleration. Other men he allured by assurances that Cobham and Cecil were in favour of the Infanta of Spain as the successor of Elizabeth. The Scottish king there can be no doubt secretly favoured his attempt.

The plot was ripe on Saturday, the 7th of February, 1601. Essex, sending his secretary to rouse his citizen friends, arranged his final plans. Sir Christopher Blount undertook to seize Whitehall Gate, Sir John Davis the Hall, and Sir Charles Danvers the guard-room and presence-chamber. Essex was then to come out from the Mews (site of the National Gallery), and having secured an access, to seek the queen, and humbly demand that she should drive from her his chief enemies, whom he would then have brought to trial, or more probably summarily have killed. He then proposed to assemble a parliament and name a successor. But the court had already information of the plot, and Essex,

being sent for by the council, resolved on making his desperate attempt the next day (Sunday), when the citizens would be assembled for the sermon at St. Paul's Cross. That night secret messengers were employed rallying Essex's friends and convening them to the morrow's meeting. The next morning early there came from west and east to Essex House the Earls of Rutland and Southampton, Lords Sandys and Monteagle, and about three hundred other gentlemen. Essex told these partisans that plots were laid against his life, that the City was for him, and that he had resolved to force his way to the queen, and tell her his dangers. But an unexpected incident disturbed his plans. A little before ten o'clock on that quiet Sunday morning the excited crowd of hot-headed noblemen, turbulent soldiers, and musketeers, were startled by the appearance at the Strand Gate of four messengers from the court. Egerton, the Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, Knollys, the Comptroller of the Household, and Lord Chief Justice Popham, demanded admission. At ten, the lord mayor and aldermen met for the Paul's Cross sermon, and after sermon, Essex was to meet them and call on them to follow him to Whitehall. There was no time to lose in parley. Rough scowling men, by the order of Essex, admitted the four dignitaries, but excluded all their attendants except the purse-bearer, and on the Lord Keeper asking, in the name of the queen, the meaning of the turbulent concourse, Essex, speaking loud, replied:

"Wait is laid for my life. There were some hired to murder me in my bed. I am traitorously dealt with, and my letters have been counterfeited both with hand and seal. Wherefore we have met here together to defend ourselves, and preserve our lives, since neither my patience nor misery will appease the malice of my adversaries except they drink my blood also."

The Lord Keeper, begging Essex to relate his grievances fully, that they might be inquired into, the crowd began to cry impatiently:

"Let us be gone; come. They abuse your patience; they betray you, my lord. The time hastens. Come."

The Lord Keeper, turning to them, put on his cap, and charged them all, in the queen's name, to lay down their weapons. Essex then entered the house, as if for a conference, followed by the four delegates and his partisans, the excited crowd shouting:

"Kill them! kill them! Keep them for pledges. Throw the great seal out of the window. Shut them up fast enough."

After passing through two rooms guarded by musketeers, Essex led them into a back parlour, and, placing the four courtiers under the guard of Sir John Davis, Sir Gilly Merrick, Francis Tresham, and Lord Salisbury, said to them:

"Be patient but a little, my lords. I must needs go into the City to take order with the lord mayor and the sheriffs."

The doors were then bolted on the prisoners, and returning into the court, Essex, about eighty knights and gentlemen, and two hundred retainers, wrapping their cloaks about their left arms, and drawing their swords, rushed through Temple Bar into the City. In Fleet-street he was joined by the Earl of Bedford and Lord Cromwell; but no citizen listened to his appeal to instantly arm, though they let him pass at Ludgate, when he shouted:

"For the queen! For the queen! There is wait laid for my life. Raleigh and Cobham would take my life. England is bought and sold by the Spaniards!"

At St. Paul's Cross he found no sermon preaching, for, by the lord mayor's orders, the citizens had remained at home. Then he rushed up Cheapside, shouting, "For the queen, my mistress!" till he reached the house of Sheriff Smith, in Fenchurch-street, where he expected to find one thousand of the train-bands. But there was no sheriff to be found, and there were no train-bands. Fretting and chafing, the earl, as Camden tells us, retired, hot and fatigued, to a private room, "to compose his spirits, and change his shirt."

In the mean time the court had not been idle. The guards had been mustered, the palace gates closed and barricaded, the neighbouring streets and passages barred with chains and blocked with carriages. With difficulty had the brave old queen been prevented from riding herself to meet the traitors. About two o'clock, Lord Burleigh, with the Garter King-at-Arms, the Earl of Cumberland, and Sir Thomas Ward, had entered the City and proclaimed Essex and all his accomplices traitors, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for his apprehension, and immediate pardon to all who at once deserted him, and returned to their duty. Essex, hearing of this, instantly rushed into the street, crying that England was to be given to the Infanta of Spain, and exhorting the citizens to take arms; but all in vain—no voice replied, no

sword was drawn, no doors flew open. The friends at his back were thawing away fast; the Lord Admiral, it was reported, was gathering a force quickly together. Reluctantly, with broken spirits, Essex resolved to return to his home, and by means of his prisoners secure some terms from the angry queen. But already musketeers and pikemen held Ludgate, and barred his passage. There were soldiers also at the chained-up road by the west gate of St. Paul's, headed by Sir J. Levison. At this juncture, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, careful of himself, persuaded Essex to let him return to Essex House to release the prisoners, and intercede with them to the queen for the earl's pardon before blood was shed, and before the queen felt sure that the City might not rise. Essex granted liberty to Popham only, but eventually Gorges released the whole four, and took them by boat to Whitehall, to procure his own pardon.

When Essex found his way barred between St. Paul's and Ludgate, his hot blood fired, and, calling for his horse, and shouting, "Charge, charge!" he drew his sword and told Blount to attack. Matches were blown, and swords flashed out. Blount killed a soldier. Henry Tracey, "a young man very dearly loved by the earl," was stretched dead on the ground, and several citizens fell. The earl, with a bullet-hole through his hat, fell back with some fifty followers only left, and, retreating to Queenhithe, took boat and returned to Essex House. Enraged to find the hostages gone, Essex then began to fortify his house on all sides, vainly expecting help from the Londoners. He burnt many papers, and especially one with a few lines of dangerous matter contained in a black purse, which he always carried about him. There was little time for preparation. Almost instantly the house was invested. The Earls of Cumberland and Lincoln moved on the Strand side, with the Lords Thomas Howard, Grey, Burleigh, Compton, and a strong body of horse and foot, while on the Thames and garden side there gathered the Lord Admiral himself, his son Effingham, Lord Cobham, Sir John Stanhope, Sir Robert Sidney, and Mr. Fulke Greville. All being prepared for storming, the drums sounded for a parley, and the Lord Admiral sent Sir Robert Sidney to summon the two earls, who came out upon the leads to hear the terms proposed.

"Dear cousin," said Southampton, "to whom would you have us yield? To our enemies? That were to thrust ourselves

into peril willingly. To the queen? Then we should confess ourselves guilty before we have offended." Sidney replied that the house was not strong; that the Lord Admiral had already sent to the Tower for powder and shot, and if that prevailed not that the house would be blown up. Then the Earl of Essex came and said:

"Judge you, brother, whether it be a grief or no to a man descended as myself, who have lived in account with her majesty as I have done, to be pined up so long without any cause, and to be trodden under foot of every base upstart; far more than that, to have my life so narrowly sought by them. Would it not grieve you? Yes, yes, I am sure it would. Well, it is no matter, death will end all, and death shall be most welcome."

Sidney then offered (not to let the innocent perish with the guilty) to allow the countess, Lady Rich, Essex's sister, and the maid-servants, who were "shrieking and howling and making a terrible noise within doors," to depart. This was about nine o'clock. The earl accepted the offer, on condition that two hours should be allowed him to unbarricade the doors to let out the ladies, and another hour to close the doors up again. By this time powder, shot, and guns had come from the Tower, and a cannon had been dragged upon the tower of St. Clement's Church, and planted there to pour a plunging fire upon Essex House. Affairs were desperate indeed with the discomforted rebels, when old Lord Sandys proposed a desperate sallv, either to cut a way through their enemies, or to die, as brave men, he said, ought to die, sword in hand. But Essex having at last won the Lord Admiral's consent to treat them as honourable prisoners, and to secure to them a just trial, threw open the doors, and on his knees surrendered his weapon. It was not safe to start to London Bridge that night, as the water was dark and stormy, so Essex and Southampton were sent to Lambeth Palace, and the next morning removed to the Tower. To the archbishop Essex spoke with scorn and anger of the faint-hearted citizens, saying that they were a base people, that he had trampled up and down the City without resistance, that he would undertake with four hundred choice men to overrun London, as he had passed many of their chained and barricaded lanes on his way from Ludgate to Queenhithe, without one blow offered at him. Two days after Cecil wrote to a friend: "Even when a false alarm was brought to the queen that

the City was revolted with them, she was never more amazed than she would have been to have heard of a fray in Fleet-street." Essex was taken on the 8th of February, on the 19th he was tried at Westminster Hall, found guilty, and executed on Tower Green on the 25th, at seven-thirty A.M., in the presence of about a hundred noblemen and gentlemen, Raleigh, from the armoury, watching the axe drop, and shedding tears when the head of his enemy fell. Essex died repentant, confessing his "great bloody crying infectious sin," but denying any intention to offer violence to the person of the queen. Marshal Biron, who died fifteen months after on the scaffold, raging like a madman, ridiculed the behaviour of Essex, and said he died like a clergyman rather than a soldier. Southampton was reprieved. Cuff, the secretary of Essex, and the main cause of his ruin, and Merrick, his steward, perished, as did Blount, the earl's stepfather, and Davers, the friend of Southampton.

The son of Essex was that parliamentary general, whose divorced wife cruelly poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. The general's son was that unfortunate man who, mixed up in the Rye House Plot, shot himself in the Tower. The Earl of Hertford lived in Essex House for a time, and after him, the Lord Treasurer Southampton, and the Lord Keeper Bridgman. Doctor Barbon bought the place in the reign of George the First, and divided it into separate houses. The Cottonian Library was kept here in the reign of Queen Anne, in a house afterwards occupied by Patterson, the bookseller, a friend of Johnson's. In the same room Charles Dibdin commenced his entertainment, and first sang the song of Poor Jack.

It was long suspected that the Pretender had secretly visited London, at least, on one occasion, after the defeat at Culloden, that finally crushed his party. Scott, with his fine eye for the picturesque, has made him a spectator, in disguise, of the coronation of George the Third, in 1761; but his real visit took place in September, 1750. This was proved by the publication, in 1818, of the interesting and trustworthy anecdotes of Doctor William King, the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and a leading man among the Jacobites. The doctor says: "September, 1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, in Essex-street, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to—Prince

Charles. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the notion which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impotence of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable. No preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to Italy." Doctor King, who afterwards corresponded for many years with the unfortunate scion of an unfortunate race, describes the prince as tall and well made, but stooping a little. He had a handsome face and good eyes, and exactly resembled the busts which were sold of him in Red Lion-street, so much so that when he came and took tea at Doctor King's lodgings, the doctor's servant, after the prince had gone, remarked how like the new visitor was to the busts of the Pretender. One day, in the park, a man recognised him and went down on his knees to kiss his hand, which served as a warning to the prince to be off to Rome. Doctor King describes Prince Charles as having a quick apprehension, and speaking French, Italian, and English, and with rather a foreign accent. "In a polite company," he says, "the prince would not pass for a genteel man;" and he sums up his character with these fatal words. "I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiment, the certain indication of a great soul and a good heart, or to discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause."

It is now certain that George the Second, through his spies, knew of this visit, but was too generous to seize his then almost powerless enemy.

The following anecdote may be relied on. The king one day asked Lord Holderness, the Secretary of State, where Charles Edward then was.

"Upon my word, sire," was the startled reply, "I—I—don't exactly know. I suppose in Italy; but I'll consult my last despatches."

"Pooh, pooh! man," said the king; "don't trouble your head about the despatches. I'll tell you where he is; he is now at No. —, Essex-street, Strand, and was last night at Lady Primrose's rout. What shall we do with him?"

The astonished secretary proposed calling a council, but the king said, "No, no.

We can manage the business without a council. Let him stay where he is at present, and when the poor man has amused himself with looking about London, he will go home again."

The king, it is supposed, learned all the prince's schemes from his Scotch mistress, Walkenshaw, whose sister was housekeeper to the king's son, at Leicester House. This was the woman whom the Jacobites wanted to be sent to a convent, but the prince, though he did not care for her, refused to part from her. The prince and this woman both drank, and the two often quarrelled, and sometimes fought, to the scandal of their Roman neighbours. This Lady Primrose, of Essex-street, with whom the prince sought shelter when thousands of pounds were set upon his head, was, we believe, that Lady Primrose to whom Edinburgh legends say a Cagliostro of the day showed her absent husband in a mirror. He had attempted her life and fled abroad. She afterwards married Lord Stair. There was a General Primrose mixed up in the early Laver conspiracy. Henceforward, let every Jacobite take off his hat as he passes Essex-street.

The year before he died, Doctor Johnson formed a club in Essex-street, at a tavern kept by Sam, one of Thrall's old servants. The club met three times a week, and the forfeit for non-attendance was twopence. Sir John Hawkins spitefully called it "a low ale-house association," but Windham, Daines Barrington, Boswell, and Doctor Brocklesby, were members. Sir Joshua refused to join, probably because Barry, who had insulted him, was one of the circle. When Boswell was put up Johnson happily designated him as a "clubbable man." Towards the end of his life the great lexicographer grew more than ever afraid of solitude, and was glad of a club so conveniently near Bolt-court. The meetings continued for many years.

One of the celebrated characters of Essex-street in Johnson's time was Doctor George Fordyce, a physician of great learning and vast appetite. For twenty years he dined daily at Dolly's Chop-House, and like a very Polyphemus, washed down his huge solitary meal with a tankard of strong ale, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a whole bottle of port. After these potations he would quietly walk to his house in Essex-street, and deliver an admirable lecture to his pupils.

The golden days of the street have long since passed; its glorious youth has sunk

into a decorous, respectable, quiet old age; nobles have yielded to lawyers, and legal probably Essex-street will remain. Blue bags have ousted cloth of gold, and the redundant lawyers of the Temple have spread like an inundation over the sloping street.

WESTERN SLANG.

IN a recent number of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND** we gave some specimens of American slang phrases, drawing largely for our matter on Doctor Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, but by no means exhausting a very copious subject. Even America is too large to have one wide-spread and universally understood slang. Every section of it has its own peculiar expressions, which the mode of life of the people have raised up in its speech. Most copious of all, perhaps, is that of the Great West, and most expressive is that of the gold miners, who dot the Californian and British Columbia mountain sides. Here the new life, overlaying that of the old Spaniards and fur traders, has called into being new and peculiar expressions, or has corrupted old ones into a new use and signification. Everywhere do we find them unintentionally cropping out in the letters of "our own correspondent," in the language of our friends fresh from that auriferous region, or even in the grave systematic works written on those portions of the world. One of these authors, Mr. Hittel, has even devoted a few paragraphs to the subject, which for our readers' amusement we have enlarged, from the storehouse of our own personal experience.

First, then, in a country where everybody works, it is natural that the idler should be contemptuously spoken of. In California the professed idler is called a "bummer." He is always well-dressed, affable in conversation, ready to "take a drink" with any one. He peculiarly affects a cut velvet waistcoat of gorgeous hue, "California diamonds" in his shirt-front, a polished quartz seal hanging at his fob, possibly a gold buckle, and has an infinite acquaintance, whom he insists on introducing to you, which introduction generally results in their being asked to take a drink. I have noticed that they always have an "interest in a quartz lead," and are "down at the Bay" to get up a company to work it. A "loafer" is not so bad as a bummer, for though a loafer may become a nuisance by calling at unseason-

* See *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, New Series, vol. v., p. 270.

able hours at places of business, yet this does not stamp him as endowed with this permanent frailty of character, but only as being seized with a temporary idleness. A bumper, on the contrary, is a low, disreputable, lazy character, much equivalent to our "sponge." A good number of men now filling high places in the land have been, in their Californian days, bumpers. For instance, I once asked a Californian if he was acquainted with General Blank, at that time a celebrated commander in the civil war, whom I knew to have been once in the country, and what sort of fellow he was. "Oh, yes," he knew him. "In fact, I've got his note at the present moment for forty-five dollars I loaned him five years ago. The general was nothing better than a darned bumper, mister!" Again, all readers of American election literature must have remembered with what furious venom Western papers described, about two years ago, an afterwards successful candidate for the presidency, as having been in California, after he left the army, a "regular whisky bumper!"

"On it" is a peculiar and expressive Californian phrase. A man who is "on it" is generally looked upon as a "scaly" customer, and I regret, for the honour of the legal profession, that an indignant Californian litigant frequently finds it necessary to apply the phrase to his attorney. A man may be "on the make" when he is keen after acquiring filthy lucre; "on the fight" when he is combatively inclined; "on the shoot" when ready with his revolver; or "on the splurdge" when, under the influence, more or less, of alcoholic excitement, he is driving furiously around town in a buggy, halting at every other "saloon," "standing" champagne "to the boys," smashing a mirror or two, and generally "spending his money like a man"—or a donkey. When a woman is talked about as being "on it," it is invariably understood that she has fallen into evil ways.

The occupation of the gold-digger has suggested to him new expressions to signify to his friends his desire for them to partake of vinous hospitality with him. He prays them "to put in a blast," and you in your turn, as you lift up your glass, are civil enough to say to your host, "Here's to you, old man, and hopin' your pay dirt'll pan* out gay;" in other words,

* A "pan" is a metal dish, in which the digger washes out a test quantity of earth or gravel, and then judges his mine by the result. In America, a "claim" is said to be worth so many "cents to the pan," just as in Australia it is talked of as yielding so many "pennyweights to the bucket."

that the earth in which he is working may wash out rich supplies of gold-dust and nuggets. At other times, the same hospitable wish to partake of stimulants with any one is indicated by the rather more generally used expressions of "take a smile," signifying that you are desired to drive dull care away in the flowing bowl, or you are asked "to nominate your pisin;" or, as somebody takes your arm at the corner of the main street of Diggerburg, you are requested, in a cheery tone of voice, to "hist in a drop of pisin," the two latter phrases being intended to express the popular opinion regarding the quality of the whisky; also vulgarly known as "chain-lightning," "mountain howitzer," "tangle leg," and "tarantula juice." In those parts of the world whisky is not judged by Sikes's hydrometer, or any such puerile test, but by the distance a man can walk after partaking of a certain quantity of it. Tradition asserts that a certain Southerner of bibulous propensities used to "keep a nigger" for the express purpose of "trying the whisky on him;" if the Ethiopian survived the dose for a reasonable time, his master ventured to partake, considering the beverage not of mortal intensity! It is really wonderful how many expressions thirsty mankind have coined to denote the act of partaking of stimulants. An antiquarian friend only the other day read over to me a list of no less than sixty-seven distinct expressions used in Scotland alone to signify the drinking of whisky. This list might be materially enlarged on the Pacific Coast, where every interest has its own expressions. For instance, in Honolulu your friend the whaler will ask you "to take a fid," and you in return will reply, as you help yourself out of a case-bottle in his cabin, "Well, old salt, here's two hundred barrels!" The universal reply to all these compliments being "Drink hearty!"

Spanish expressions naturally supply a large quota of Californian slang phrases, which have got perfectly incorporated into every-day language, and can hardly be classed as vulgar. For instance, the fence or corral in which mules and cattle are confined, has supplied a verb in common use. When a man is cornered in giving utterance to some untenable proposition, he is said to be "corraled," when a horse thief is caught, he is "corraled," and a successful "operator" on the stock exchange will be described as having "corraled" all the shares in the Root-Hog-or-Die Quartz

Mining Company. A farm is universally called a "ranch," derived from the Spanish "rancho," and a farmer a "rancher," from the Spanish equivalent "ranchero." Numerous also are the Indian aboriginal words which have got incorporated in the language, especially in the British possessions, where the natives are much more numerous than the whites, and on friendly social terms with the latter. In some parts of the country, beside numerous Indian names, still retained for localities, many words in daily use are derived from some one or other of the native dialects. A man talks of having no "chickamen," or money, on his person, and will indignantly talk of the assumptions of the "tyhees," or great men, and even coins a noun, "tyheecism," to denote this arrogance of the tyhees.

We should tire our readers' patience out, did we go over the various expressions used in the gold-digger's every-day life; how he takes a "square meal," when he comes to his inn, or how when he gets into hard circumstances he is "dead broke," or "caves in," or "goes up a flume." To show the application of some of these odd expressions, perhaps we cannot do better than to parody in miner English a portion of a proclamation of his Excellency the Governor of British Columbia, anent some mining regulations, which lies before us. With this we will conclude this brief survey of the wide and fresh field of Western slang.

**PROCLAMATION! HAVING THE FORCE OF LAW,
YOU BET!**

Whereas, a change in the mining laws is expedient. Be it enacted as follows:

1. That all former proclamations are hereby repealed and "played out."

Interpretation clause.—In the construction of this act the word "gub" shall mean the governor of this colony, and "com-mish" shall mean the commissioner for the time being. The words "fizzled," "played out," "pettered," "caved," and "gone up a flume," shall respectively mean, when applied to a mining claim, that the same is worthless; and when applied to an individual, that he is ruined, helpless, dead, or in debt, and the terms "dead broke" and "busted," shall, for the purposes of this act, be construed to mean the same thing. That the words "pile," "the dust," "the colour," and "bottom dollars," shall be construed to mean the current coin of this realm.

The term "free miner" shall mean every

person entitled to mine. The term "on it" shall imply a willingness to buy, sell, or get drunk; and "on the make" shall mean a determination to make money, honestly, if you can; if you can't—make money; "on the sell" shall mean a willingness to sell, and "on the buy" a willingness to purchase.

The term "you bet" shall be used to remove any doubt which may possibly exist in the mind of the individual addressed; and you "bet your life" shall be applied in the same way, but shall be more conclusive; and the term "you bet your boots" shall be equivalent to "you bet your life;" and the term "you bet your bottom dollar" shall, for the purposes of this act, mean "your life," or "your boots." The word "chain-lightning" shall mean very ardent spirits; and "mountain howitzer" shall mean liquor that kills at over one thousand yards; and "scorpion juice" and "tarantula juice" shall be construed to mean "mountain howitzer," or "chain-lightning," and "drinks for the crowd" shall mean any and all of the foregoing, for the persons present, but not any others.

That "in a horn" shall be equivalent to the old classical term of "over the left;" and, for the purposes of this act, "in a horn" shall be equivalent to "in a hog's eye." These terms shall imply doubt, and be equivalent to "no you don't."

That the term "vamoose the ranch" shall mean that the individual referred to has left for parts unknown; and "slope" shall be equivalent to "vamoose the ranch;" and "make tracks" shall, for the purposes of this act, be equally as expressive as the two foregoing terms.

That the term "got the dead wood on him" shall not refer to any kind of timber whatever, dead or alive, but shall be used when one individual has obtained a fair or unfair advantage over another; and the term "got the bulge on him" shall be as strong as "getting the dead wood on him," and getting either the "bulge" or "dead wood on him," may result from "sloping," "making tracks," or "vamoosing the ranch."

That "spotted," when applied to an individual, shall have no reference to the state of the skin of any white man, or any spot thereon, but shall mean that he is watched; and, when applied to mining, shall mean that the gold is scattered; and the term "biz" shall mean business.

That "sock it to him" shall be equiva-

lent to the old word "punish;" and "give him fits" shall be equivalent to "sock it to him;" provided also, that the word "fits" shall not include apoplexy or epilepsy.

That "jawbone" shall mean credit, provided also that the size, shape, and contour of such "jawbone" shall not, for the purposes of this act, be material.

That "nare a colour" shall be equivalent to "dead broke," and there shall be no difference between "nare a colour" and "nare a red."

That the phrase "there's a heap of trouble on the old man's mind" shall mean that the individual referred to is either "gone up a flume," "pettered," or that he has "struck the bed-rock pitching" the wrong way; and a "young man" shall, for the purposes of this act, be an "old man," and the feminine gender shall be included in the masculine, and both in the neuter.

That "bully for you," or "bully for him," shall mean a term of approval; and "good on your head," or "good on his head," shall mean the same thing.

That the terms "old hoss," "doc," "judge," "col'nel," "cap," and "old boss," are all equivalent, and the term "or any other man," shall have no definite meaning, and may be applied indiscriminately to all things.

And "slum-gullion" shall mean clay; "pay dirt," dirt containing gold; and "good prospects" shall not mean a pleasing landscape, but plenty of "pay dirt;" and "wash-boulders," "wash-gravel," and "bed-rock pitching," shall mean indications of gold somewhere.

That a "jumper" shall not mean a person who indulges in the active exercise of jumping, but shall mean a person who possesses himself of another man's claim because it is paying; and an invalid, or cripple, or woman, may be a "jumper."

2. It shall be lawful for the guv, you bet, to appoint one or two more commishes, as he may think proper, to transact the biz of the mines of this colony.

3. That no jumper shall hereafter be allowed to indulge in that exercise, and if the commish shall find him on it, he shall have power to sock it to him, or fine him drinks for the crowd, you bet your life.

4. That all honest miners, who are on the buy, may purchase more than two claims from those who are on the sell, provided also that both parties may or may not be on the make.

5. That any honest miner who shall, after the passing of this act, allow any

other miner to get the dead wood on him, shall, you bet your boots, upon complaint made to the commish that there's a heap of trouble on the old man's mind, be spotted as a muggins, and be ordered in consequence to pay a fine of two ounces, or, in default of payment, catch fits, and the commish shall approve of the conduct of the one that's on it, by saying "bully for you," and may add at his pleasure, "or any other man."

6. Not finished, and therefore this act is to save time.

Issued under our seal of Cariboo, this ninth day of May, and the tenth year of the mines.

By the Guv's command,
X. Y. Z., Boss of the Colonial Office.

God save the Queen, and good on her head!

THE ROSE AND THE KEY.

CHAPTER LXXXVI. LADY VERNON LEAVES
ROYDON.

"THIS is Mr. Dawe, please, my lady," said Latimer, and withdrew softly.

"How do you do, Mr. Dawe?" said the well-known sweet voice from the darkened part of the room; "I'm suffering from headache; but take a chair, where there is a little light, and I'll come as near as I can bear."

He saw a white figure moving slowly towards him; and soon it emerged in the twilight; and Lady Vernon appeared. She had a loose grey dress on, of a very thick soft silk. She pointed to a chair, which accordingly Dawe took; she herself sat down, and appeared a little out of breath.

He was shocked at the change he observed. She had grown thin, and it seemed to him stooped, and was deadly pale except for a small hectic patch in each cheek, which used to come only with agitation. Her eyes looked larger and fiercer, but had the glassy look that strangely suited her peaked features.

She looked sinister as the woman of Endor. He thought the hand of death was on her.

He relented, though his brown corded face and prominent eyes showed no sign; and he said:

"You look ill, Barbara; you must be ill. Who is attending you?"

"No one; I prescribe for myself; it is not anything serious; and I know what suits me."

"You ought to have the best advice from town," he persisted. "And—and, Barbara, I have known you in your cradle; I have had you on my knee when you were a little child; you'll shake hands with me."

He had approached, with his brown hand extended.

"Another time; not to-day," she said, coldly; "pray take my own account of it; I am *not* seriously ill; and be kind enough not to tell my friends that I am dying; I'm bored to death by calls and notes; I shall be quite well in a week. What about Elwyn? Do say at once; I implore of you, come to the point."

"I find that Elwyn Howard, or Vivian, your son, is the person who has married Miss Ethel Tintern."

"I knew it, I guessed it," she said after a pause. "There is always a shock when evil surmises turn out true; but I was sure it was so."

"I had a letter this morning from Miss Medwyn," says Mr. Dawe. "She says that Damian pronounces Maud perfectly well, and has sent her away in Maximilla's care from Glarewoods."

"Mr. Damian is doting; but that doesn't excuse his writing libels," said Lady Vernon, flushing a bright scarlet, and then growing deadly pale. "I had a letter of insinuation and insult from him this morning, which he shall rue. I'm glad Maud is set at liberty without my sanction; let her kill me, or kill herself; what does it matter, compared with the tragedy she threatened, and which is now impossible!"

Mr. Dawe nodded, and in a few moments said:

"I have seen Mr. Tintern."

"The wretch!" whispered she, looking down steadfastly on the floor, with cheeks still flushed, and baleful eyes; you might have fancied a Canidia looking down on the blood of her enemy. "He was the contriver of all that misery. He thought that you would provide for the young man. He is utterly false."

"I believe he had quite other intentions for the young lady," said Dawe.

"Don't believe it; what better could a country squire do for his daughter? Mr. Tintern never goes straight to anything. You never discover what he intends, except by his bad acting. And to think of their having caught my beautiful boy in their toils! When he came here ill, he looked so like my own noble Elwyn, the sight of him almost broke my heart. You must bring him to see me; I have made up my

mind to tell him everything. He shall know his father, and his poor, broken-hearted mother."

"Well, Barbara, I fear you are exerting yourself too much. One thing I mention for your consideration. Use your power of appointment under the will in favour of Tintern, and you can dictate his settlements for your son, and thus provide for him handsomely."

"It is too late. I executed a deed which excludes him irrevocably; and it is in Mr. Coke's custody."

"You might have consulted me, or some one, with more caution than yourself, Barbara, before taking such a step," said Dawe, after a pause.

"It is taken, and no power on earth can recall it," she said, coldly.

"It is a pity," said Dawe. After a short silence, "I am told there is not a nicer girl in England than Ethel Tintern."

"I hope she mayn't live long," said Lady Vernon, in her cold tones. "'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Let His justice be done, and my poor Elwyn released from the wicked companion who deceived him. Ill as I am," she continued, after a pause, "I have written to Mr. Coke to come down to consult upon the letter of that slanderous old man, Mr. Damian; I have walked with God all my days, why will he not spare me one drop in this dreadful cup? I have lived a life of virtue. I have done my duty. I have nothing to retract; nothing to repent of. I will see Maud's face no more. She has never been a child to me. She has been the source of half my misery. Another parent would leave her with a curse. I turn from her in silence. Good people understand and honour me. The wicked I trample under my feet. 'These speak evil of those things which they know not.'" She made her quotation with a low utterance, and with a slow and bitter emphasis. She was talking, as it were, to herself. "'Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain, and perished in the gain-saying of Core. These are spots in your feasts of charity. Trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness—for ever.'"

She turned as she said this, and Mr. Dawe thought she was weeping, for he heard one or two little sobs.

Latimer, a minute after, in the adjoining room, heard a hoarse voice calling her in

strange loud accents. At sound of this discordant summons, through Latimer's brain, with a sure omen, flashed a dreadful suspicion.

Now she is in the room, she does not know how, stooping over the chair, calling distractedly, "My lady! my lady!" in an ear that will never hear sound again. She is holding her up in the chair, but the head sinks and rolls, this way or that, as the weight inclines. "'Tis a faint! 'tis a faint! my God! 'Tis only a faint!" Latimer cries wildly in her terror.

Mr. Dawe has thrown open the shutter, the window itself; and the fitful autumn air eddies in, and the elegant little lace coiffure and its long, dark, grey-and-blue silk ribbons flutter about the dead face and open mouth. Mr. Dawe has sprinkled water on her face. It streams over it as rain would over a marble bust.

Latimer despairs; she cries out with terror, "What is it, what is it? Is she gone? Oh! she's gone, she is gone! she's gone!"

Mr. Dawe at the door is calling for help, and soon many feet and voices are in the room. Strange liberties are taken with awful Lady Vernon's sanctuary. The shutters are thrown open, the curtains dragged back, furniture is wheeled out of the way, huddled together. "My lady's" Bible lies flat on its face on the floor with its covers open, beside a gilt candlestick and broken candle; broken, too, lies the pretty malachite paper-cutter which dead and buried Vicar Howard owned long since, which he had given her three-and-twenty years ago, and which ever since his death has always been beside her. On the carpet are strewn letters and two or three books, and the gold mounted ink-bottle lies on its side on the rich table-cover, as it were in a swoon, and bleeding ink profusely, quite neglected.

The great and faultless Lady Vernon is by this time on the sofa, a shawl over her feet, her head propped with the pillow, and something under her chin to close her mouth. There are no disclosures of "making up." The tints on her cheek fade naturally into the proper hue of death.

This solitary lady with one great and untold affection among the living, one passionate affection among the dead, is more alone than ever now. Her pride, her passion, her strong affections, her wickedness, the whole story of her life, signed, sealed, and delivered, and passed out of her keeping now.

A servant is galloping by this time half-way to Shillingsworth to bring the doctor, the Roydon doctor not yet having returned, and Mr. Dawe wishing some skilled inspection, in the case of so great a lady.

All goes on as usual. The little town recovers from its momentary stupor. The scepticism of startled people subsides, and the great conviction is established. Lady Vernon of Roydon is dead.

Mr. Dawe remains at the Vernon Arms; Mr. Coke arrives, letters are flying in all directions. Lady Vernon's will has never been executed. She had not been able quite to make up her mind upon some points, and had no idea that her hour was so near.

The letters that radiate from the Hall to many scores of other homes, chiefly of the great, announce that the physicians agree in referring the sad event to heart-complaint, developed with unusual rapidity.

CONCLUSION.

THE remainder of my story pretty nearly tells itself.

In Lady Vernon's secret marriage with the vicar, Elwyn Howard, there was no taint of guilt. There was extreme rashness. Each honestly believed that the wicked person whom he had married in his romantic nonage, and lived with little more than a week, had been dead for years. Her own family had not only published her death, but sworn to the fact, and actually administered some trifling property of hers. It was not until after his marriage, not his seeking, but urged upon him by the wayward and impassioned girl, that the dreadful uncertainty of the situation was, for the first time, suspected. The story is curious, but true. The spoiled girl had revealed her passion to no one. It was not until circumstances compelled her to choose between confidence or exposure, that she disclosed her situation. Mr. Dawe was the sole confidant of her parents in this dark emergency in secret family history. By his advice the young lady and her father set out as if for a short tour on the Continent. The journey diverged and really ended in a sequestered place near a little Welsh village. Here the child of this ill-fated and invalid marriage was born. Mr. Dawe undertook to direct every particular respecting its early care, its subsequent education, and final position in life.

They were to leave in a day or two, and to return home, in a little time, by a very

wide circuit, having taken every precaution necessary for a complete mystification of the good gossips of Roydon, when who should light upon them, traversing a path through the very grounds of the house they inhabited, but about the most unlikely man in the world to be found in that sequestered corner, Sir Amyrald Vernon, the young lady's rejected suitor. He saw signs of alarm and agitation in both, on recognising him, by no means to be accounted for by an accidental meeting with a rejected lover.

They departed; but he remained, and without disclosing their real names, he made himself master of their secret. He tracked Mr. Dawe, and insisted that he should be taken into confidence, and took such a tone, that with the advice of the young lady's father, Mr. Dawe told him the facts of the case, which, painful as they were, yet supplied an answer to suspicions of a more degrading kind.

It was the possession of this secret that enabled him, after the death of the vicar, to bend the proud young lady to his will.

I now turn to Charles Marston and Maud Vernon, who, in due time, there being no longer any let or hindrance, were united. At present they live very much abroad; and, when in England, they do not stay at Roydon, which the young lady associates with many painful recollections, but at their beautiful house of Darrel Abbey.

Doctor Malkin was one of those persons whom Lady Vernon's death disappointed. He wishes very much he had been a little less active in managing that Glarewoods business. But who could have supposed that Lady Vernon would have died before the appointments she intended for him were filled up? He has no liking for the young lady. But for reasons of his own he never hints at the Glarewoods secret, and the good people of Roydon were led to believe that Maud, during her absence, had been making a little tour for her health.

Antomarchi, finding old Damian resolute against committing to him, after the disclosures of which he took so strong a view, a trust so awful as the autocracy of such an empire as Glarewoods, took steps in the Court of Chancery to restrain Mr. Damian from breaking up that establishment, and selling the house and grounds.

This attempt recoiled upon Antomarchi. The court read him an astounding lecture on the facts. The press took it up; and that able adventurer found that England was no longer a field for his talents.

I have heard various accounts of the after adventures of that brilliant rogue, some of which represent him in sore straits; others, following dark and downward paths, and picking gold and silver, but in danger, all the while, of breaking his neck, and lost sight of by the decent upper world.

Mr. Tintern is not quite ruined after all, but he has had to sell nearly all his estates, except the Grange, and a rental of about seven hundred a year. He lives in France; and refuses to see Ethel; and I heard this morning from old Puntles, whom I happened to meet, that he has just had a slight paralytic attack. His temper continues precisely in the state in which his misfortunes left it.

The Reverend Michael Doody has been presented to one of the comfortable livings in the gift of the Roydon Vernons. He is a good deal sobered, and has lost something of his wild spirits and eccentricities. But his energy and good-nature are unabated. It is said that he has cast eyes of affection on a niece of Mr. Puntles. But of this I have heard only as rumour, and must, therefore, speak with reserve.

Vivian and Ethel are as happy as any two people, except perhaps Charles Marston, now Lord Warhampton, and his good and beautiful young wife, can be. Charles and Maud have, indeed, little on earth to desire, for an heir is born to the title of Warhampton, and that heir is not without merry little companions in the nursery. Maximilla almost lives with her old friend Maud, and over the gateway of Warhampton stands, in well-chiselled relief, the time-honoured device of

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